The World

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ONE WAY TO HIT TRUSTS.

FEW weeks ago copper was selling at 26 cents a pound. To-day it can be bought for a little over 14 cents, a drop in price of almost half. The copper companies have reduced dividends, their stock has fallen in market price, their mines are producing less, and still they have millions of pounds of copper on hand which they cannot sell without lowering the price still farther.

So far as the public are concerned as copper consumers, the Copper Trust has had a hard knock.

Several years ago, when copper was selling at about the same price that it is now, Henry H. Rogers, James Stillman and a few other men who were interested in Standard Oil and had control of the funds of great banks thought that they would form a copper trust. They bought up a number of copper mines, paying all that these properties were worth. They then recapitalized these mines, formed a blind pool, worked the Wall street gambling machine and unloaded tens of millions of dollars of stock on investors and less-cunning speculators.

The cost of copper concerns everybody.

Every trolley railroad requires tons of copper for its wires and motors. Every electric-lighting plant needs copper for the economical conduct of the current. In tools, machinery and utensils of various kinds copper is extensively used.

The first thing the Copper Trust did was to put up the price of copper so that it might be able to pay dividends on its over-capitalization and facilitate the unloading of its stocks on the Wall Street public. It succeeded in this. It boosted the market quotations for copper and the market quotations for its stocks until both went so high that they could go no higher, and both collapsed together.

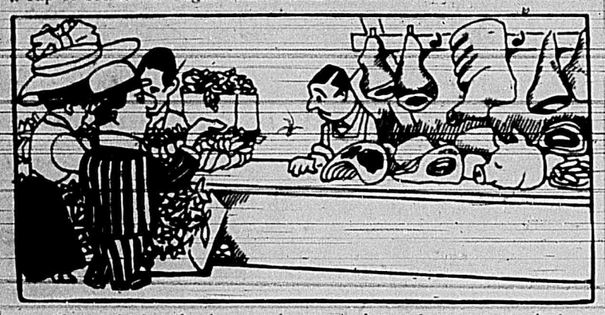
This came about because large consumers of copper stopped using so much copper, and the higher prices went the less they bought. The limit of monopoly extortion had been exhausted.

The consumers of copper are an unusually intelligent lot of men. The great electric companies, like the General Electric and Westinghouse, are managed by very intelligent men. The manufacturers of copper utensils and copper castings are wise in their own business.

They realized the remedy for the Copper Trust and they applied it.

If everybody in the United States stopped eating meat more than once a day, the Beef Trust would have the same experience that the Copper Trust has had. Also, the general health of the United States would be better, for most people eat too much meat.

If nobody in the United States put more than one lump of sugar in a cup of coffee the Sugar Trust would feel the result at once.



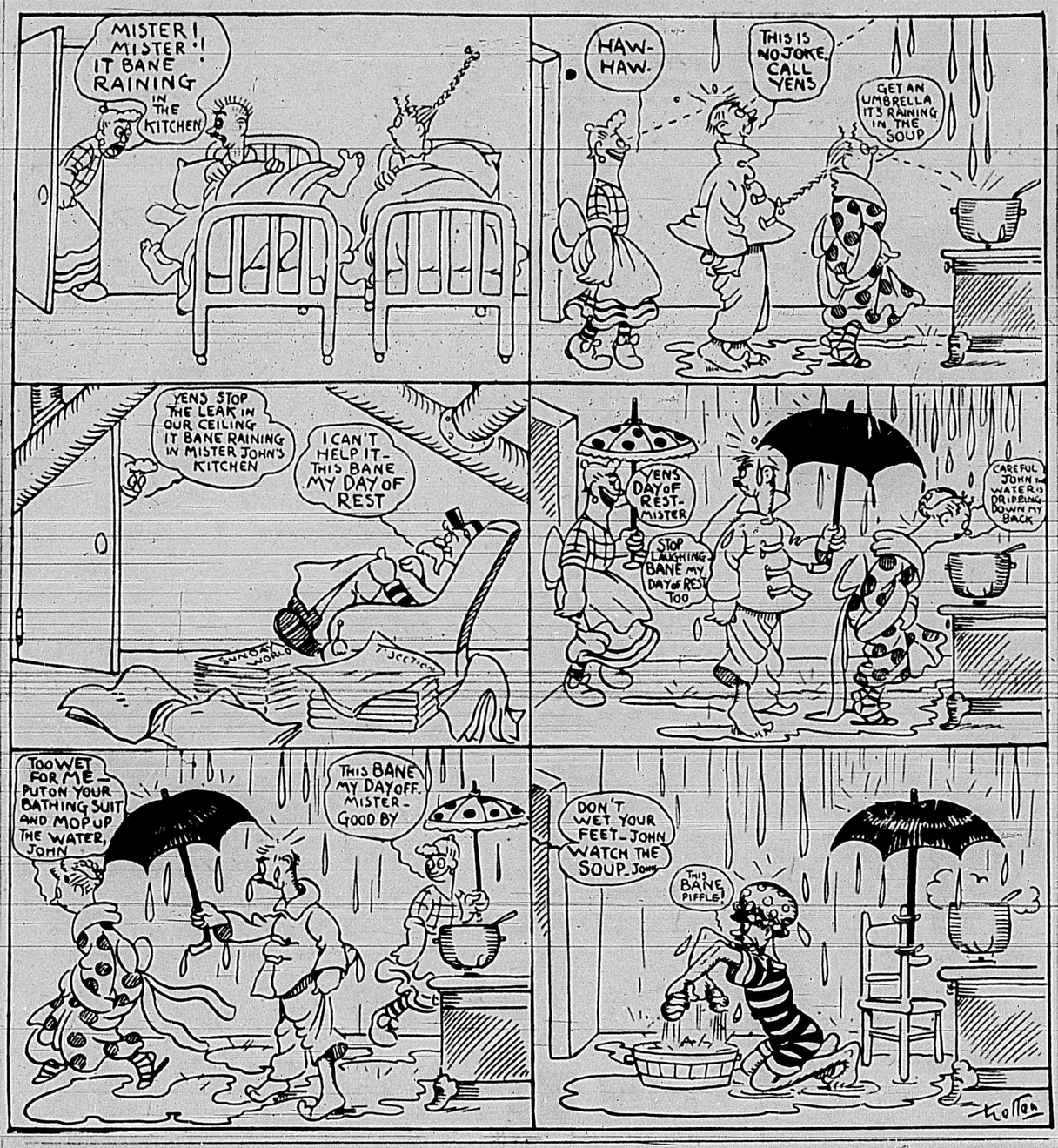
If everybody who burns a kerosense lamp were to go to bed one hour earlier it would be better for them, and the Standard Oil would have the demand for its product materially reduced.

There are some monopolies which no one can escape, for they have the powers of government back of them. The traction monopoly gives the public no alternative except to submit to it or walk. But such monopolies are few.

The trusts in commodities of which the general use may be economized or substitutes may be used are as vulnerable as the Copper Trust. Without waiting for the slow process of law and interminable appeals to the courts the people can diminish the profits of any trust by simply reducing the demand for the article which it supplies and monopolizes.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Don't Take Love for Granted.

By Helen Oldfield

THERE is an old story of a man who wrote to the editor of his favorite newspaper asking for simple and certain directions how to distinguish toadstools from edible mushrooms. He complained that he was unable to understand the difference as explained in the books and said that he wanted something plain and definite. The answer given was: "Eat them. If they kill you they are toadstools. If you survive, without the aid of a stomach pump, you may conclude they are mushrooms."

In like manner, when a man is in love with a woman and desires to know whether she reciprocates his attachment, the most certain and quickest way of finding out is to ask her.

True, women are "kittle-cattle," and do not always know their own minds, nor mean what they say; still, generally, the presumption is that when a woman promises to marry a man she intends to do so, and is in love with him.

Should the answer be nay, and a man is in dead earnest, he is in no way bound to accept his dismissal without further effort. There is an ancient proverb that "nineteen naysays are half a grant," the truth of which saying is often vindicated when a persistent suitor comes in a triumphant winner in the long run.

A woman, however willing to be won, must not manifest that willingness until she has been properly solicited by her suitor. It is the law of the world, the usage of ages, that no modest, self-respecting woman shall take the initiative in courtship.

The question as to how far a woman in propriety may encourage a man ranks high among the problems in the conduct of life.

"Not at all," says Mrs. Grundy. "Let her wait until she is asked."

But, on the other hand, it is an undeniable fact that few men are likely to propose marriage to any woman unless they have reason to believe that the proposal will be accepted.

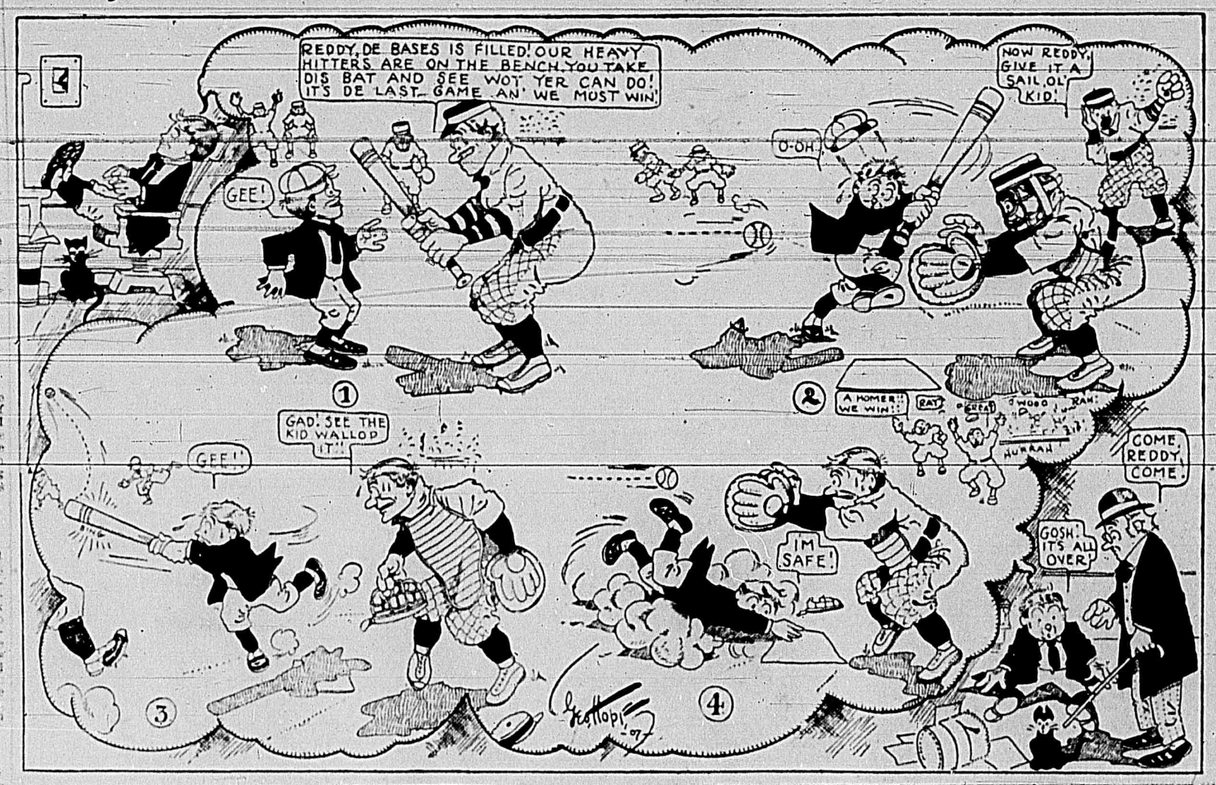
True, there are men possessed of so exalted an opinion of their own value that they entertain little or no doubt of their power to win any woman whomsoever. Still, however confident a man may be, if he is wise he will not let the woman of his choice see that he makes sure of her consent.

A woman does not like to be taken for granted in such fashion. It often rouses a spirit of opposition in her, and in a fit of willfulness she may go so far as to wound her own heart in order to show her too confident lover that he has been overaure.

On the contrary, there are many men, among the best of their kind, who are humility itself when in love, and who require all the encouragement which a woman is capable of giving them. After all, this is reasoning in a circle, and harks back to the starting point, "Them that asks gits," and in love it is the man, not the woman, who has the right to ask.—From Chicago Tribune.

Reddy the Rooter.

By George Hopf



Letters from the People.

The "Progressive" Marriage Age.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Our grandparents married, as a rule, when the man was about twenty-one and the girl seventeen. Our parents when respectively twenty-five and twenty-one. Nowadays men seldom marry before thirty and women often not till twenty-five. Years ago a woman of twenty-five was deemed an old maid. Who can give a satisfactory reason for these progressions in the marriageable age? And whither will it lead? Will our grandchildren marry at fifty? I think there could be an interesting little discussion by readers on the popular theme.

OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

Eye Queries.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I wear a green shade over my eyes and have to do much of my work by electric light. I wish some man who understands optics would benefit thousands by answering the following questions: Are green shades beneficial? Which is better for the eyes, to work by electric light, gas or kerosene lamp, and why? What are the first symptoms of ocular breakdown?

NIGHT WORKER.

Conductor and Bullet.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

C. D. A. asks whether the conductor, standing on the back platform of a train one mile long and going at the rate of a mile a minute, can shoot the engineer with a pistol the bullet of which also travels a mile a minute. I think the force which lies back of the bullet would simply send it from the pistol and then it would travel with the last car, as they will both be going at the same rate of speed. Let readers discuss this.

AUERBACH.

Chances in the Country.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I would like to answer that complaint of the broker's clerk who tells how he and others were laid off by their employers. It's a shame to see stout, able-bodied young men hustling off to work every morning for ungrateful men who will discharge them in a minute to lessen expenses. It's about time that some of these young clerks had their eyes opened and got out of the big cities and went back to the land to be somebody, not monkeys for masters. My advice to such is to "go West" and be a man. The big city is a curse for clerks in general.

T. R. I.

Bureau of Vital Statistics.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find out at what church my young daughter was married. She refuses to tell me anything about it and I must find out for my own peace of mind.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Records of all local marriages (including the names of the officiating clergymen) are kept at the Bureau of Vital Statistics, Sixth avenue and Fifty-fifth street.

ONE WAY OF LOOKING.

First Lawyer—Was that suit that you undertook for Gilbonds a success?

Second Lawyer—Very much so. It has involved him in complications which will necessitate at least eight other suits.—Illustrated Bits.

Advice to Girls.

WHEN a girl talks to a man on the street, and he leans up against a wall while he talks, that is the kind of a man to shake, and shake promptly. If a man hasn't the energy to stand up without a wall to lean against, he hasn't enough energy to make him worthy of any girl's chase.—Atchison Globe.

THE SEASON'S CHANGE.

Sandy Pikes—Winter's comin', George. Gritty George—Why so?

Sandy Pikes—I was offered ten straw hats before breakfast this morning.—Illustrated Bits.

FIFTY HEROINES OF HISTORY

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

No. 45—EUGENIE; Countess, Empress, Exile.

THERE is a withered sad faced little old woman who always dresses in black, and who is a familiar figure in certain English and Continental European towns. Every one views her with pity. For in her day she swayed fashion, politics and public opinion to suit her own whim. Even her somber garb calls up strong memories. For had she possessed one such black dress thirty-seven years ago the destinies of all Europe might have been changed. The pathetic little old lady is Eugenie, former Empress of the French and widow of "Napoleon the Little."

Eugenie Marie de Montijo de Guzman y de Porto Carrero was born in 1826. She was the daughter of the Spanish Count of Montijo and his Scotch wife. In her youth she was known as the Countess of Teba. Unlike many Spanish girls of her time, she travelled much and was highly educated. Her beauty and brilliancy won universal admiration for her wherever she went. And chief among her admirers during a stay she made in London was an impoverished, exiled young adventurer, Louis Napoleon.

This youth was the nephew of the great Napoleon, being the son of the latter's brother Louis and Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine, thus combining the Bonaparte and the Beauharnais blood, neither of which was of a particularly noble or ideal nature. After the fall of the first Napoleon France went back to the Bourbon monarchy. Young Louis Napoleon, as nearest of kin to his illustrious uncle, plotted to win the throne. For this he was imprisoned and afterward exiled. He wandered about America and England waiting for a favorable chance to slip back into France and resume his conspiracies. At last the time came. France overthrew the monarchy in 1848 and declared itself once more a republic. Back came Louis Napoleon and soon had himself elected president. A little later, by mingled cunning and violence, he succeeded in proclaiming himself Emperor under the title of Napoleon III.

An Emperor in America.

A penniless, banished adventurer and a powerful Emperor are two decidedly different sorts of suitors. So Eugenie, Countess of Teba, also happened to come to Paris. Napoleon III. had made various attempts to ally himself with royal families, but his imperial crown seemed at first too new and too insecure to tempt any other monarch to give his daughter's hand to the adventurer. Yet before long this condition changed, and Napoleon could probably have strengthened and made permanent his position by a royal marriage. But about this time Eugenie appeared on the scene. He fell madly in love with her. By skilfully coquetting with him she induced the Emperor to throw prudence and statecraft to the winds and to marry her. The wedding occurred in January, 1853, to the amazement of everybody, and the obscure Spanish countess became Empress of the French.

At once her court became the centre of fashion, wit and political intrigue. She set the style in dress for all Europe. The crinoline and other fads had their origin with her. Her dictates in feminine costume became law for the whole world. Her beauty and regal air made the born princesses, queens and empresses she met look like dowdy old frumps. Nor was she content with all this. The game of politics vastly interested her. She wheedled her husband into helping the Pope against the Italian patriots, persuaded him into putting Maximilian on the throne of Mexico (one of the tragedies of history, which will be related in a subsequent article) and in other ways meddled with international affairs. She also acted as regent during Napoleon's absences from France, and was the more or less unconscious tool of a court party whose ambition and love of graft outweighed patriotism. The climax of her meddling came when she favored the war between France and Prussia. The Empress is credited with doing much to hurry that disastrous struggle forward and to lure Napoleon III. into the trap the wily Bismarck and Von Moltke had prepared for France.

War was declared with Prussia in July, 1870. Within a few weeks France's brave armies, ill equipped and incompetently led, were at Prussia's mercy and Napoleon III. was a prisoner. The French people, furious at the humiliation, overthrew the empire and on Sept. 4 once more declared a republic. On the previous day Eugenie (who had remained in Paris as regent) was told that if she would dress in black (as though in mourning for the country's misfortunes) and would ride thus through the streets the fickle people would be touched by the action and remain true to the Napoleonic dynasty. The plan fell through for a most absurd reason. Out of her whole wardrobe of three hundred dresses Eugenie had not one black costume for such a ride.

A Throne Lost for a Dress.

The storm of revolution burst. Eugenie might have suffered Marie Antoinette's fate at the hands of the maddened Parisians had not an American dentist, Dr. Evans, smuggled her out of France and across to England. There Napoleon III. and her son Louis, the "Prince Imperial," soon joined her. Napoleon died in 1873, and the Prince Imperial was slain by Zulus six years later.

Widowed, childless, shorn of title and power, the once beautiful Empress of the French lives in seclusion in England, with an occasional visit to some Continental city or seaside resort. At eighty-one she has long outlived her greatness, her flatterers, her fame and the imperial dynasty whose tawdry splendor her beauty and brilliancy so enhanced.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers.

An Unreasonable Suitor.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE known a young man for nearly a year, and like him very much. He doesn't like to have me go to dancing schools. I like to go once in a while. What should I do, as I do not want to lose his friendship? S. M. C.

There is absolutely no excuse for the young man's request, providing you make a proper selection of schools.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

Dear Betty:

I AM twenty and have kept company with a young lady of twenty-one for about two years, but I quarrelled with her over her many men friends. I've treated her fairly, and went to see her quite often, and I sent her many postals, but the last two haven't been answered. Shall I send her a postal for her birthday, which is soon? I like this girl. Do you think she cares for me? G. S.

If you were not engaged to the young lady you had no right to quarrel over or restrict her choice of men friends. It is proper to send a postal for her birthday if you wish and by writing a few words of regret over the quarrel can perhaps win the girl's forgiveness. I cannot tell whether the girl cares for you or not.

Who Shall Win Her?

Dear Betty:

OF course she is the sweetest girl in the world and she favors the suit of one of my best friends, a man whom I have known for more than fifteen years. Now, under the circumstances, what shall I do? He is a trifler, that I know, and boasts of his conquest among women. The little girl does not for an instant mistrust this—shall I tell her? I have loved her for two years. I tried to delude myself into believing that my friend was, for once, in earnest, but I am sure that he is playing with her.

Shall I go in and fight him fairly—thereby gaining his everlasting hatred, or shall I give him up to work out his own destiny and the girl's? P. P.

Try and win the girl yourself if you love her, but do not speak detrimentally of the other man in the young lady's presence, as it would only help his cause.

To Meet Her Father.

Dear Betty:

I HAVE been in love with a young girl for over a year. I am well acquainted with her mother, but do not know her father. He knows me by name and sight. How can I become acquainted with him? H. K.

When you call on the young lady tell her you would like very much to meet her father.

Solution to the "Society Puzzle."

HERE is the solution of the "Society Puzzle" in Friday's Evening World:

It can readily be proven that Mrs. Kelly's speed was to Mrs Murphy's as 6 is to 7, and that as they met at 4 o'clock they must have passed at 6 and 1-13 minutes after three.

Pointed Paragraphs.

EVEN the fickle-minded compositor has set ways.

A man isn't necessarily bald because he has no heir.

The man who has no time for an occasional laugh needs a vacation.

Most of the things we wish for are about as useful as a counterfeit dollar bill.

Nothing pleases a large woman more than to have a man call her a dear little girl.

Marriage is seldom a failure if neither party to the contract has any fool relations to butt in.

Occasionally a man balks at doing a charitable deed because some one he dislikes expects him to do it.

When a girl's breath suggests cologne water it is a sign that a certain young man is due to call on her.

A pessimist says there is but one thing more awkward than a man learning to dance, and that is a woman learning to swim.—Chicago News.